

Wait for the Wagon.







3. Do you believe my Phillis, dear, old Mike with all his

4. Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat, All braided up with dahlias, and hollyhocks so sweet,

It's ev'ry Sunday morning, when I am by your side, We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride. Wait for the Wagon, etc.

We'll have a little farm, a horse, a pig and cow;
And you will mind the dairy while I will guide the plough,
Wait for the Wagon, etc.

Your lips are red as poppies, your hair so slick and neat,
We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the Wagon, etc.

Wait for the Wagon, we'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble, we'll reach the happy top,
Then come with me sweet Phillis, my dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the Wagon, and all take a ride.
Wait for the Wagon, etc.

